To the WORSHIPFUL

SAMUEL TRESLOVE, Esq; MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE WORTHY

Inhabitants *of the Town of* NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

JOHN COX.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1785, to the 21st Day of *December* 1786; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 6) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the New Chapel in *King*'s-*Head* Lane, 3; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 2; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 15; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	2	Consumptions -	22	Inflammation -	3	Milk Fever -	1
Aged - -	15	Convulsions	4	Jaundice - -	1	Rupture -	2
Croup -	6	Dropsy - -	8	Lunacy - -	1	Palsey - -	1
Cancer - -	1	Fevers - -	8	Mortification -	4	Suddenly -	1
Childbed -	2	Fits - -	21	Measles -	5	Small-Pox -	2

Teeth - -	3						
Ulcer - -	1						
White Swelling -	1						
Worm-Fever -	2						

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	34	Ten and Twenty -	2	Forty and Fifty -	10	Seventy and Eighty -	15
Between Two and Five	16	Twenty and Thirty -	13	Fifty and Sixty -	7	Eighty and Ninety -	3
Five and Ten -	3	Thirty and Forty -	7	Sixty and Seventy -	7	Ninety and an Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	49	53	102	65	52	117
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	13	15	28	20	22	42
St. GILES'S. - -	11	13	24	21	20	41
St. PETER'S. - -	1	0	1	3	5	8
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish - - -				2	11	13
In the whole Town.	74	81	155	111	110	221
	Decreased - -		32	Increased - -		46

N. B. Buried in the whole Town of the Small-Pox, 8—all previous to September last.

MEMENTO MORI.

YEAR after Year this fatal List appears,
Startles our Frame, and heightens all our Fears:
With hasty Eye we trace each different Age,
And vainly hope *our own* ne'er blots the Page.
Thou ill-tim'd Monitor; unwelcome Guest,
To spoil the Pleasures of a Christmas Feast.
When ev'ry Thought and ev'ry Word is gay,
And Life's most *serious* Business is—TO PLAY:
When we wou'd wish to quit the passing Year
Without a Sigh, without an anxious Fear;
When we wou'd cheat ourselves with promis'd Joys,
And drown Reflection in tumultous Noise;
When still regardless of the past, we see
In future Years unmix'd Felicity,
And fondly fancy 'midst the doubtful Strife,
That we've secur'd a long-extended Life:
To blast our Hopes, to bring th' uncourtly Roll,
With a long List, "to harrow up the Soul;"
Instead of Life to make grim Death thy Theme,
And strive to rouse us from our flatt'ring Dream:
Ah, how unkind, and surely too how vain,
For Folly smiles, nor heeds the mournful Strain;
Immers'd in Pleasures, all *unmov'd* she sees
The various Victims of the dire Disease;
Views the firm Youth at once bereft of Life,
Nor mourns the Anguish of the widow'd Wife:
With vacant Eye beholds the piercing Sight,
Where *Root* and *Branch* sink down in endless Night:
No starting Tear e're trembles in her Eye,
Nor glowing Pity heaves the gentle Sigh.
Divine Compassion is a God-like Guest,
And scorns a Residence in Folly's Breast.
Vain thoughtless Man, how blind to sacred Truth,
Fond of thyself, and boasting of thy Youth:
Flush'd with gay Hopes, that distant Years are thine,
That *Age* itself shall bow at Pleasure's Shrine:
Tho' high in Health, disdaining ev'ry Care,
Behold the next Memento, *Thou* art there.
Ah, what will then avail thy Hopes, thy Joys,
Thy airy Visions, and thy gilded Toys?
Will then thy Friends, who hail'd the Midnight Hour,
Wrest thee from Death, or shield thee from his Power?
Will they be found so faithful or so brave
To *form a Party* in the silent Grave?
Ah, No; soon as the gloomy Tyrant Death
Has seiz'd its Victim, and has stopp'd thy Breath,
Thy boon Companions, hurrying all away,
Will leave their Favourite to the Worms a Prey.
If this be so, Oh Man, be timely wise,
Strive t'avert the Vengeance of the Skies:
'Tis Goodness only has the wond'rous Power,
To calm the Tumults of that dreadful Hour:
Possest of that, thy Doubts, thy Fears shall cease,
For Wisdom's Ways are still the Ways of PEACE.

J. C.

BRITISH MUSEUM P.P. NO 68